"John the Baptist" Patiently Endured

THE NEW PLAYS For Salome Dance.

was "on with the dance," though hardly a case of joy unconfined, at the rele last night, when Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlows offered desmann's "John the Baptist" as the first of a series of plays that gives mose of better things to come.

large audience came early and stayed fairly late. It had swallowed ttr m in a hurry only to find itself obliged to swallow a sermon instead of the after drama. A prelude and four acts were given up to more solemn talk the average good citizen hears in a month of Sundays, and the only concluto be drawn was that Christian traditions do not make moving drama. The merely marked time up to the patiently awaited moment of Salome's celed dance. The hours dragged slowly except for the time that Miss Julia we gave her glorious presence to the dull and dreary proceedings.

My. Bothern was burdened with the heavy spirit and heavier whiskers of He never once lifted the character of the prophet above the level of more monotonous declamation. The whole performance, in fact, was without ration and atmosphera, the work of the less important members of the cast mediocre when it wasn't downright bad. As for the English translation the play by Miss Mary Harned, it did not strike dramatic fire until the ant. Miss Marlowe was the only one to take it out of the religious rut. following her usual bent of playing havon with a role, Miss Marlows suited ms to herself instead of enting herself to Salome. She threw barbaric ion to the winds for the gentler wiles of the modern coquette, but she was sweet as sin" and the audience, apparently, was satisfied. She kept Salome's gery in bounds until she ordered John to his knees after the dance that

r beauty shone with a new lustre and Salome's words, "When I stretch hbs I feel as if I carry the world," were uttered not only by her voice, her whole eloquent body. Her allurements might have caused any man se his head-in a less painful way than John lost his. "I am not afraid my man," she said. "They please me just as they are."

ohn, however, was anything but pleasing. He suggested, more than any What Sciome saw in morrow hight." else, the need of a barber and a Turicish bath. was more than any one on the other side of the footlights could see. Mr. ern himself seemed as uncomfortable as a hair mattrees on its way to the air shop. He frowned darkly when the lovely Salome threw flowers to him her balcony, and he couldn't see the joke when she corly assured him that wrath was a jubilee and a festival to her.

ompared with Oscar Wilde's flery temptress, this Salome was as well be d'as though she had just stolen out of a young ladies' seminary. Buder in leaves the blame of John's taking-off with the mother. Herodias is the really bloodthirsty character in the play. "I am's simple soul," said od, and as acted by Mr. Reicher, he was just that and nothing more. Miss ger was eminently successful in convincing the audience that Herodias had her charms as well as her temper, John's opinion or her settled the matter he gate receipts for Salome's exhibition. There should be no ornament for hair, he silken sandals for Salome. The price of the vaudeville turn should John's devoted head.

Miss Mariowe's dance was a marvel of movement and color. It was full of ice and meaning. As she skipped and posed and whirled one after another the reven vells fluttered to the floor, her hair tumbled over her shiring eyes her wild beauty grew with every step. With the flinging saids of the last she dropped breathless and half-frightened at the feet of Herod, covering breast with her mantle.

There was all the voluptuous suggestion without the murderous intent of de's preverted vamples in this Salome, who meraly glorified in her power she ordered John upon his knees to beg for his life. She stood amazed when prophet walked to his execution, and a moment later with the cry "See it they are bringing there!" she rushed out.

The audience was told that she was dancing before the people with the tist's head held aloft on a charger, but fortunately it was spared the ghastly nt. When Salome returned, half-fainting in the arms of Herodias, she asked dly, "Where is the charger, mother; where is the head?" will be brought on, good people, at the Metropolitan Opera-House to-night

CHARLES DARNTON.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

pple Sherbet.

quart of cider, seasoned to taste baked, or tied with narrow ribbon. der rub through a sieve, cool and Fig Cream. seze; when partly frozen add the ffly beaten whites of two eggs. Serve chilled apple shells. ates and Cereal.

the benefit of Herr Conried.

sup on a dish and surround with hot Pumpkin Tartlets.

NOOK any preferred cereal until

inglish Cheese Straws.

TAKE two tablespoonfuls of stale dish, make a well in the centre, which, drop the yolk of an egg ace on greased paper, dry in a moder- color.

These bundles may be held together OOK the pulp of six apples in one with rings cut from the pastry and

OOK one-fourth of a pound of figs in a cupful of water until tender; chop fine. Beat the whites of tive eggs and a plnch of cream of tartar until dry; then add five level tablewell done and just moist. Re- spoonfuls of sugar and the figs, beating move pite from large dates and constantly. Bake in a border mould their places put roasted and shelled about half an hour; serve with stewed anuts. Roll in granulated sugar; figs, stuffed nuts, and pass plain cream.

To make numpkin tartiets, prepare a mixture as for pumpkin piet. Have patty shapes baked empty but not hread crumbs and mix with four browned. Half fill each shape with the fablespoonfuls of flour. Put this clistard, then hake until well set. Take from the oven and cover each with meringue heaped bigh in the centre: return to the even and brown slowly. For thos to whom the delights of pastry are for-hidden, yet who desire to honor custom.

the pumpkin ple assumes the shape of a pudding. Prepare a custard according to the delights of pastry are for-hidden, yet who desire to honor custom.

the pumpkin ple assumes the shape of a pudding. Prepare a custard according to the delights of pastry are for-hidden, yet who desire to honor custom. nead as you would bread. The mixre must be hard and stiff. Roll tinto bake in a steady even. Cover with methin sheet, cut into strips the width inque heaped in little moulds and stand a straw and about five inches long, in a slow oven until of a golden brown

Just About Women.

Many a women has lost her best friend by marrying him. The fickleness of some women is what makes them interesting. The average girl declines to marry a lot of men because they neglect to

T" TUIT OF COMES NOW OUT A CHARACT MAR AND LES

The even temper of the man who remains a bachelor is probably due b

It's difficult to account for the bright savings of some children after be Courtship is the ladder used in climbing to the marriage altar. Occasionally

man becomes dizzy, falls off the ladder-and is saved.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists

The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

By Roy L. McCardell.

THINK we should go to the theatre once in a while," said Mrs. Jarr, peavishly. "All you seem to care for your political club, or play cards, or stop in the saloon on loafers who make a fuss over you, while I'm left alone night after night!"

"That isn't so!" said Mr. Jarr, sharply. "I don't go out looks as if she was going to ery." of the house once in a coom's age. But you're like all the women; all you want to do is to fuss."

"And it's no wonder!" mild Mrs. Jarr. "If you were

"Well, all right then," said Mr. Jarr, "what shall we took my waist!" go'to see?"

AM ZE COUNT

DE KACKIACK -

1 SEEK EMPLOY

TRES BIEN!

NY SAL

WAIT! I WILL HAVE

ZE CONTROL OF

ZE MACHINE

INSTANTLY!

TRIFLE !

ME O' DEM

BLAMED METEORS

AS ZE

CHAUFFEUR!

been so long since I saw anything, anything would suit me." "Come to think of it," said Mr. Jarr, "Raogle told me that a friend of his "That's no " and

A COUNT?

YES! T'LL

INTRODUCE

SHT OF WOY

FAMILY!

I'M FROM

PITTSBURG

FINE

CROCERIES

TURN BACK!

OFF THE

BRIDGE!

YOU'RE RUNNING

WELL I CUESS

"And I'll wager he never thought of you or asked you to go!" said Mrs. Jarr. "That's the way with the friends you have! They are all so nice and attentive said Mr. Jarr.

when they are hard up and want to borrow something from you or come around sponging on us, but when THEY have anything they hever think of us!" "Well, now, he did, Mrs. Mean Mind," said Mr. Jarr. "He came so me and to go." asked me if you and I would join them. But I forget if it was to-night or to-

The New Chauffeur.

JUST TOOK OFF A

WAGON WHEEL

COUNT!

"Of course, you forgot!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "You've seen the new showling for the supper,

alted Chaplain was installed and got locked up later for assaulting some on with a billiard cue and you had to get him bailed out. You saw it and so you didn't care, and, soinshly, you never thought of me and told him you didn't. New York Thro' Funny Glasses care to go.

"But I did," replied Mr. Jarr. "I told him I'd be pleased and that you'd enjoy it. I'll call him up on the 'phone and find out if it was to-night." "And suppose it is?" anked Mrs. Jarr, "I can't go. Madam Franagan hase!" sent my dress. I've nothing to wear!"

But Mr. Jarr had heard this so often that he heeded not. He called his friend Lis to go out at night to attend your lodge, or to go to Rangle on the telephone and found out that this night was THE night. "I think it's real sweet of the Rangles," said Mrs. Jarr, as she hastened the corner and spend your money like a softy on a lot of through her tollet. "And you must show them we appreciate it. When we go out to supper don't you set him pay. Mr. Rangle is all right, but every time he does pay for a dinner Mrs. Rangle is so mad that she tries to smile and only

"I know he'll insist on going halves," said Mr. Jarr, as he wrestled with an

obdurate collar, durate collar, a "Well, don't you let him!" said Mrs. Jarr. "He's such a generous man, and stuck in the house from morning till night and never got out we must show him. I don't ears for her we must show him that if he can take to see anything you'd get nervous and peevish and cross, us in a box party to the theatre we can entertain at supper after the play. I guess we've got as much money to spend as the Rangles have. Come here and

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, while tearing off his finger natio in his efforts to join "What difference does it make?" replied Mrs. Jarr; "it's hook and eye. "Yes, but you forget that the box was given Rangie. It didn't

"That's so," said Mrs. Jarr, "and that's why they invited us. They want us had bought a box to Weber's, but on account of sickness in his family he to pay for the supper. Well, who can you trust these days? And that's how couldn't use it, and so he gave the tickets to Rangle."

your friends always do!" 'We don't have to. Rang's will pay hair. He generally wants to pay it alk'

> "Oh, that's easy enough for you to say," replied Mrs. Jarr, "but if they take us to the theatre we'll have to take them to Shanley's. I've halt a mind not

> But she did. And if it will relieve the mental tension of those who would know what followed, there was another couple present and they insisted on pay-

> > HAVE YOU HAD

COUNTY

EXPERIENCE AS

SHUFFER.

THIRD MAN

INTO,

YOU'VE RUN

By R. W. Taylor

OH, ZEY ARE ONLY

OUCH!

COUNT DE KACKIACK.

QUESTION, HOW

DID YOU LEARN TO BE A SHUFFER?

IF IT'S A FAIR

ZE CANAILLE - ZE

WHAT YOU CALL

ZE COMMON

PEOPLE

MON DIEU! I HAVE

BEEN BLOWN UP ZE

SEVENTEEN TIME

By Irvin S. Cobb.

'S getting so that we have almost as many amateur Socialists as bless are members of the Simpson family doing business on Third avenue. If they keep on increasing at the present rate it won't be very long until they aid a few special cells for amateur Bodalists to the Suspected Pecan ward in Bellevue.

The amateur Bocialist is not to be confounded with the professional Socialist. The professional Bosislist is general ally a gentleman who combined two trades-making ogars in the day time and polishing bar-ralls at night. Finding his thealth could not stand the strain, he has now given up ilia day work.

He is suffering from malt-handler's elbow, which is a complaint brought on by lifting hops from a mahogany counter to the munan face. There is nothing else the matter with him except a gnawing feeling in his stomach between meals and an

intense hatred of the capitalistic class, particularly those capitalists who manufacture bathtubs and razors. The chances are that he came here with a profound conviction that the United States wasn't going to suit him and would have to be made over. He believes that all property, except soap, should be seized and distributed among the people. Any time they begin to cut up the soap somebody can have his share, be-

cause he will, have to be going to where they're parcelling out the brewery

products. The same as to all other toilet articles. His lides of a fair and equitable distribution of wealth would be to give Senstor Clark his beach in the park and take a front room in the Senator's commodious rock residence. He is carrying such a heavy load of theories that he has to sit down often and rest. He has a deep conviction that any man who shaves this back of his neck is a for to the common people, while a person who owns more than one shirt at a time is open to grave suspicion. His greatest fear is that some day he will carelessly go to sleep on a pier and fall overboard

and get wet all over and expire in great agony.

The amateur Socialist, on the other hand, was born in this country but cannot recall anything else of importance that the United States has been able to pull off. He believes firmly in the confiscation of all wealth except the chunk e acquired by inheritance from a callous ancestor wile spent his time grabbing things with one hand and spliding them down with the other. He shows his abhorrence of the plutocratic classes by wearing a bone collar button and limp cuffs. He lives in a settlement, is full of the concentrated extract of stewed prunes and intends to uplift the condition of the masses some day when he can spare the time from his regular duties, such as being interviewed and having his picture taken for the dime magazines.

But he doesn't do it. At the age of forty-two he nearly always reaches the age of discretion and gets chilled feet on the philanthropy proposition. He begins to think as much of vested rights as if he were the chancellor of a freely-water college which has just been favorably remembered by John D. Octopus, THE FUNNY PART.

And then if one of the dwellers in his tenements gets behind with the rent he gives him the magic boots down three flights of steps.



was truer word spoken. Simplicity is the hardest thing on earth to achieve, not only in our clothes, but in furnishing our homes, ordering our food, and especially in living our lives. The cry ever goes upward, "There is not enough room in a flat to be simple." But here is where the courage comes in-the courage to putch the useless and keep only the best. And so it is

with one's life. It is too crowded to be simple, and one cannot get rid of annovances as one tosses photographs and Turkish corners out of one's home. But there is the other life-the life of the mind, "the house of the soul," which should be kept clean and free, full of polished spaces and clear vistas. With a ruthless hand, we must needs sweep the tenderly reminiscent but worthless articles out of our homes, sise there is no room to breathe in the crowded atmosphere. The magazines which grow old in a month, the new hovels which, in most cases, are already old, the photographs which pile up at an amazing rate, all must pass on to others where they find new stages of usefulness, and, in the mean time, there is the joy of restful emptiness. Our children may not inherit trunks filled with clothing of another date and albums of family plotures, and their ancestral mahogany may be only white iron beds; but they will inherit something else far more important-a love of cleared spaces and a taste for the best.

Lack of Color.

1.6 Cobb

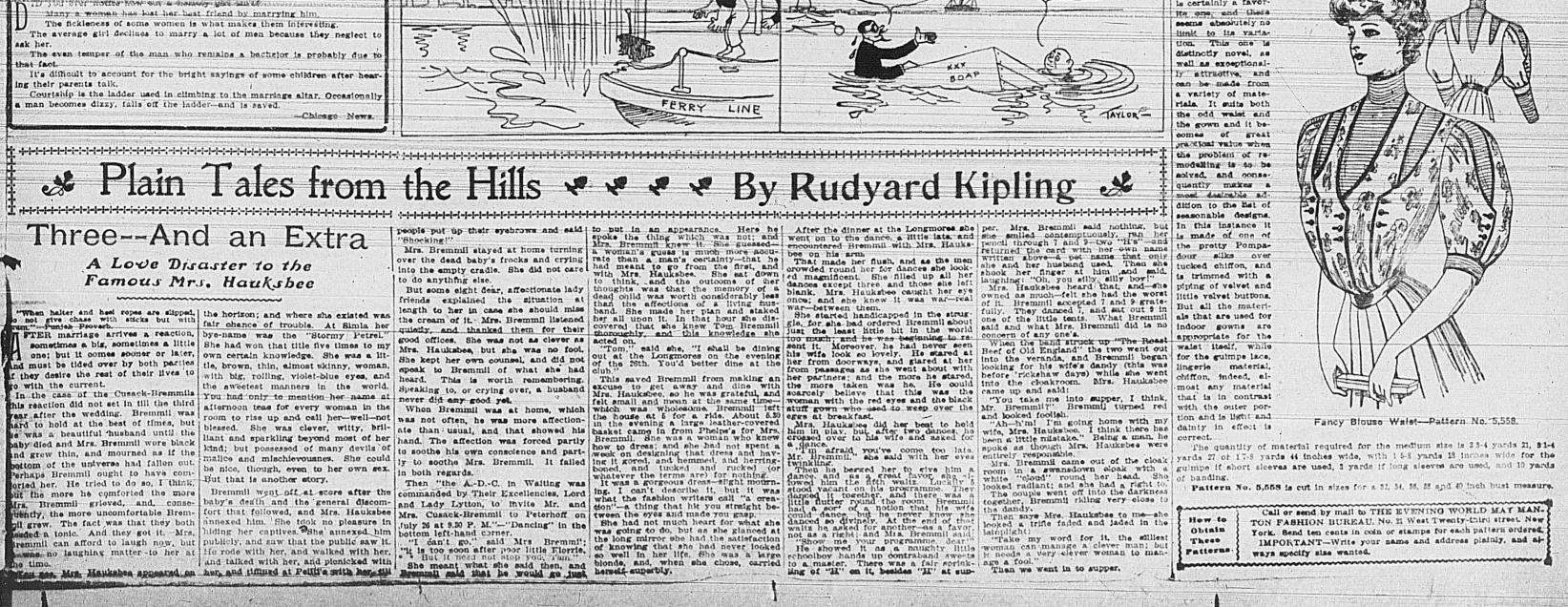
by an expert. Your lack of Granulated Lida by an expert. Your lack of the salve for granulated or to probably caused by senemia.

You that better have your doctor probable a good tonic. Also eat a great butter, 1-2 ounce. Apply to the eyelidate of the salve of the salv deal of fruit and green vegetables, butter, 1-2 ounce. Apply to the eyelids especially spinach or lettuce, one of common rose comment of the applyawhich should be eaten every day, and, cary,

starting before breakfast, drink from F.—Both hand and electric masses of water at any mage are good, if administered six to eight glasses of water at any

May Manton's Daily Fashions

gives the guimpe effect is certainly a favorjte one, and there seems absolutely no limit to its variation. This one la distinctly novel, as wall as exceptionally attractive, and can be made from a variety of materials. It suits both the odd waist and the gown and it beractioni value when the problem of remodelling is to be solved, and consequantly makes a dition to the Bat of



FERRY LINE -Chicago News. ales from the Hills * * By Rudyard Kipling &

PARBLEU! I

FROM ZE

HAVE LEARNED

CORRESPONDENCE

SCHOOL!